the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

SLOTT
MARTIN
VICENTE

MARVEL

656

©2011 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved.

WWW.MARVEL.COM

HORIZON

DAILY BUGLE

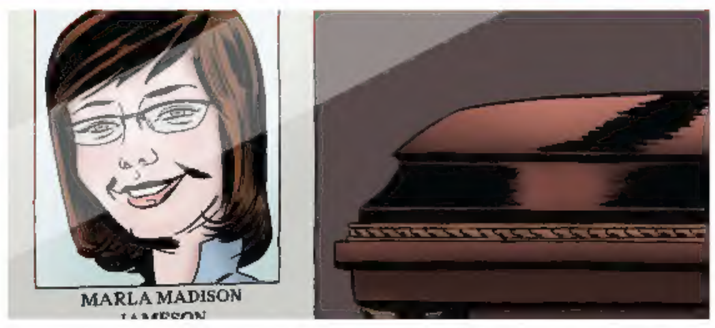
TOP STORY

MASSACRE!

by BEN URICH, Editor In Chief

Within minutes of opening police negotiations, Massacre killed a hostage in cold blood at a bank downtown. He has over half a dozen more and the bank is rigged with explosives. Will this new super villain live up to his name?
(see full story)

MARLA JAMESON MOURNED



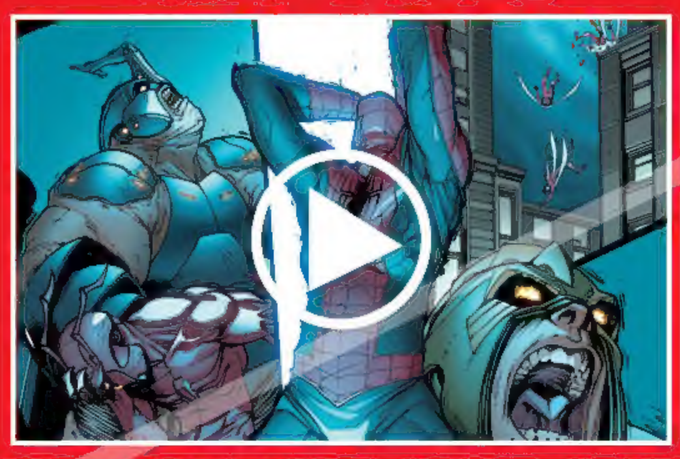
The city continues to mourn the loss of Mayor Jameson's wife Marla, killed in the Spider-Slayer's attack. Spider-Man vows that as long as he's around, no one dies.

HORIZON LABS: INNOVATION and INVENTION

Max Modell's think tank has been regularly producing technological innovations that have revolutionized... (see full story)

(Pictured: Modell with his newest hire, Peter Parker, and two other top scientists Uatu Jackson & Bella Fishbach.)

VIRAL VIDEO



SPIDER-MAN LOSES SPIDER-SENSE

Spider-Man sacrificed his spider-sense in the explosion that stopped the Spider-Slayer's insect army!

© 2011 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.

To find MARVEL COMICS at a local comic and hobby shop, go to www.comicshoplocator.com or call 1-888-COMICBOOK.

I TRUST THAT I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION.

NOW HERE IS WHAT I EXPECT FROM YOU. FIRST--

ALAN FINE
EXEC. PRODUCER

DAN BUCKLEY
PUBLISHER

JOE QUESADA
CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER

AXEL ALONSO
EDITOR IN CHIEF

STEPHEN WACKER
SENIOR EDITOR

ELLIE PYLE
ASSISTANT EDITOR

VC'S JOE CARAMAGNA
LETTERING

MUNTSA VICENTE
COLORS

WAIT! WHOEVER YOU ARE, I CAN'T DEAL WITH YOU IN GOOD FAITH.

NOT IF YOU CONTINUE TO EXECUTE HOSTAGES.

NYPD

PERHAPS I HAVEN'T MADE MYSELF CLEAR, CAPTAIN WATANABE.

I'M NOT PLAYING BY YOUR RULES.

YOU ARE PLAYING BY MINE.

DAN SLOTT & MARCOS MARTIN
STORYTELLERS

NO ONE DIES
PART TWO: RESOLVE

KLIK

BOOM

THERE. I HAVE JUST TAKEN OUT THE WEST WING OF THIS BANK, ALONG WITH SEVEN MORE HOSTAGES INSIDE. DO WHAT I TELL YOU, OR MORE WILL DIE.

YOU WILL SHUT DOWN ALL CLOSED-CIRCUIT CAMERAS, ALARMS, AND SURVEILLANCE SYSTEMS IN THIS BUILDING--AND THE SURROUNDING FIVE BLOCKS.

THEN ALL POLICE AND EMERGENCY SERVICES WILL PULL BACK THAT FAR AS WELL.

THIS IS NOT A NEGOTIATION. THESE ARE THE RULES. YOU HAVE TEN MINUTES AND COUNTING.

SEVEN MORE PEOPLE? HOW DO WE KNOW? I MEAN--HE COULD BE *BLUFFING*, RIGHT?

WHAT'S OUR NEXT MOVE, SIR?

POLICE

NYPD

CAPTAIN WATANABE? YURI?

WHAT NOW?

EIGHT DEAD. AND MORE WILL--

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO.

CAP, HEADS UP! YOUR PAL'S HERE!

"IT'S *SPIDER-MAN!* LOOKS LIKE WE MIGHT GET THROUGH THIS AFTER ALL!"

THWIP

HEY, GUYS. FILL ME IN. WHAT'S GOING ON AND HOW CAN I HEL--

KRRRRR KRAK

POLICE

KRRRASH

OW. MY WEBBING ONLY SNAGGED PLASTER, INSTEAD OF PART OF THE BUILDING THAT COULD SUPPORT MY WEIGHT.

SPIDEY?! YOU OKAY?

THAT'S-- THAT'S NEVER HAPPENED TO ME BEFORE.

ALL THIS TIME MY SPIDER-SENSE MUST'VE PREVENTED ME FROM MAKING THOSE KINDA SHOTS--FROM WEB-SWINGING LIKE THAT.

BUT NOW THAT MY SPIDER-SENSE IS GONE...

SPIDEY LOST HIS SPIDER-SENSE IN ASM #654. -STEVE.

...AM I GOING TO HAVE TO *THINK* ABOUT THAT EVERY TIME I FIRE A WEB? EVERY TIME I SWING AROUND TOWN?!

NEVER REALIZED ALL OF THE WAYS THAT POWER AFFECTED SO MANY OF THE THINGS I DO...

I-I'M FINE.

SORRY. I CAN PAY FOR THAT.

THAT'S NOT IMPORTANT NOW.

RIGHT. WHAT DO WE HAVE HERE?

BANK ROBBERY. HOSTAGE TAKER. HE'S CRAZY. HE--HE'S ALREADY KILLED EIGHT PEOPLE.

WELL, THAT STOPS RIGHT NOW. I'M HERE. DON'T WORRY, YURI. I'VE DEALT WITH THESE KIND OF PSYCHOS BEFORE.

GOOD LUCK.

MITCHELL, YOU BEEN ON THE JOB SOME TIME. YOU EVER...?

SEE HIM TANK LIKE THAT? NAH.

YOU UP THERE. THIS'S SPIDER-MAN. I'M UNARMED.

EXCEPT FOR THE WEB-SHOOTERS. IF YOU WANT, I COULD TAKE OFF THE WEB-SHOOTERS.

LOOK, I'M JUST HERE TO TALK, OKAY?

NYPD

A SUPER HERO? AN AVENGER? APPROACHING THE PERIMETER? UNACCEPTABLE.

OH MY GOD! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

GET OUT OF HERE! YOU'RE GONNA GET US KILLED!

CALM DOWN. YOU'RE GONNA BE OKAY. I PROMISE YOU.

YOU SHOULDN'T DO THAT. MAKE PROMISES YOU CAN'T KEEP.

YOU'RE NOT IN CONTROL HERE.

I AM.

BRRTTTTBRRRRRTTTT BRRRTTTTBRRTTTTBRR BRRRRTTTTBR BRRTTTTBR

DODGING GUNFIRE *WITHOUT* SPIDER-SENSE?! *THIS IS INSANE!*

TAKE COVER!

GET DOWN!

NYPD POLICE

JUST DUMB LUCK I HAVEN'T BEEN HIT YET!

FTNG FTNG FTNG FTNG FTNG FTNG

ME--OR ANYONE IN THE CROWD! GOTTA MOVE THIS FIGHT SOMEWHERE ELSE, BEFORE SOMEBODY GETS SHOT!

KRSH KRSH

TAG HIM WITH A SPIDER-TRACER, LET HIM GO, AND TRACK HIM DOWN LATER. WORKS FOR ME. BUT...

...WHAT IF ALL THIS TIME I'VE NEEDED MY SPIDER-SENSE TO AIM? WHAT IF WITHOUT IT, THIS IS A MILLION-TO-ONE SHOT?

PFT

TEP

YES!

SPAT

GYEAHH!

SPIDEY!

CAP! STAY BACK!

POLICE

WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?! YOU'RE SPIDER-MAN! YOU DON'T GET SHOT!

GNNH... YURI, LISTEN TO ME. I GOT A SPIDER-TRACER ON 'IM.

LET 'IM TAKE OFF. WHEN THE PEOPLE IN THERE ARE SAFE, WE'LL FOLLOW 'IM.

ALL RIGHT! YOU WIN! WE'LL DO WHATEVER YOU SAY! CEASE FIRE!

F.D.N.Y.
AMBULANCE
F.D.
FDNY EMT
...BOMB SQUAD'S REMOVED ALL THE EXPLOSIVE VESTS. NOW WE'RE TAKING ALL THE HOSTAGES TO THE HOSPITAL TO GET THEM CHECKED OUT.
YOU SHOULD GO TOO.
NO. PARAMEDICS SAID THE BULLET WENT CLEAN THROUGH. AND BESIDES...
...I HAVE A "*SPECIALIST*" I SEE FOR THESE THINGS.
F.D.N.Y
CAPTAIN! OVER HERE! THINK WE KNOW HOW THE PERP GOT AWAY!
LOOKS LIKE THE GUY WENT UNDERGROUND.
HE'S GOT A HEAD START, BUT HE'S DRAGGING A LOT OF CASH WITH HIM. SO HERE'S THE BIG QUESTION...
IT'LL TAKE MY TEAM ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES TO DISARM *ONE* OF THESE TUNNELS.
WHICH WAY DO WE GO? LEFT, RIGHT, OR CENTER? WHAT'S YOUR SPIDER-TRACER TELLING YOU?
IDIOT! IT WAS IN THE HEAT OF THE MOMENT. WASN'T THINKING.
ALL MY TRACERS ARE KEYED TO MY *SPIDER-SENSE!* I'M NOT GETTING *ANY* READING!
I-- I DON'T KNOW.

DON'T USUALLY TREAT YOU FOR GUNSHOT WOUNDS.

NORMALLY IT'S CONTUSIONS, CRACKED RIBS, ELECTRICAL BURNS... WHAT'S THE MATTER, WALL-CRAWLER, HEAD NOT IN THE GAME?

SOMETHING LIKE THAT. SO, NIGHT NURSE, HOW MUCH DO I OWE YA?

WHAT? YOU'RE *PAYING* THIS TIME?

DON'T ACT SO SURPRISED.

SORRY. I MEAN, I'M MORE THAN HAPPY TO KEEP YOU AS ONE OF MY *PRO BONO* CASES.

NO, I'M EARNING GOOD MONEY NOW. TIME I STARTED PAYING MY FAIR SHARE.

FOR YEARS, NIGHT NURSE HAS BEEN PATCHING UP HEROES IN HER SECRET FREE CLINIC. IT'S ONLY RIGHT I HELP OUT NOW THAT I'M FLUSH.

IN THIS CRAZY, LI'L COMMUNITY, WE ALL GOTTA STICK TOGETHER AND DO OUR PART, RIGHT?

...THE MAN THE MEDIA ARE ALREADY CALLING THE WALKING MASSACRE.

BOTH THE POLICE AND SPIDER-MAN FAILED TO APPREHEND THE GUNMAN, WHO GOT AWAY LEAVING EIGHT DEAD AND MANY MORE TRAUMATIZED BY HIS--

MASSACRE

JEEZ, WEB-HEAD. WAY TO LOUSE IT UP FOR THE *REST* OF US.

FIRST YOU LET THE MAYOR'S WIFE DIE--AND NOW *THIS?*

YOU'RE SLIPPING UP, PAL. BIG TIME.

SHUT UP!

YOU HEAR ME, PALADIN?! I AM NOT PUTTING UP WITH ANY OF YOUR CRAP! NOT TODAY!

AHKK

EASY, WEBS. DIDN'T MEAN ANYTHING BY IT.

BOY, SPIDEY. YOU REALLY NEED TO GROW A THICKER SKIN.

YEAH...

I THINK I DO.

ROBBIE? IT'S ME, JONAH.

I'VE PUT TOGETHER A FEW THINGS OF MARLA'S FOR A FOLLOW-UP TO THAT OBIT YOU RAN...

...SOMETHING MORE PERSONAL, YOU KNOW? A PROPER TRIBUTE TO CELEBRATE HER LIFE. SHE--

SHE WAS QUITE A WOMAN, JOE. MIGHT BE ENOUGH HERE FOR A WEEKLONG SERIES.

WHAT?! THIS IS *NOT* A GOOD TIME, JONAH. IT'S A MADHOUSE HERE AT THE BUGLE.

BECAUSE OF THE "*WALKING MASSACRE.*" ROBBED THE FIRST NATIONAL.

KILLED EIGHT. BLEW UP HALF A BUILDING. SHOT SPIDER-MAN.

IT'S ALL ANYONE'S TALKING ABOUT.

I'M SORRY, JONAH. MARLA'S NOT THE STORY ANYMORE. MASSACRE IS--

JONAH?

SORRY, OLD FRIEND.

JONAH? THE PRESS IS HERE, THE CHIEF OF POLICE, AND...

...AND A NUMBER OF THE VICTIMS' FAMILY MEMBERS.

THEY'RE WAITING FOR YOU--FOR YOUR STATEMENT ON TODAY'S TRAGEDY. ARE YOU UP FOR THIS?

I'M THE MAYOR, MS. GRANT. I KNOW HOW TO DO MY JOB.

NEW YORK IS ONE OF THE GREATEST CITIES IN THE WORLD.

AND HER SONS AND DAUGHTERS ARE STRONG. RESILIENT. RESOLUTE. EVEN IN THE FACE OF GREAT TRAGEDY.

WE WILL NOT FORGET THE GOOD PEOPLE WHO--HAVE DIED THIS WEEK.

WE WILL HONOR THEIR MEMORIES AND DEDICATE OURSELVES TO BOTH METING OUT JUSTICE FOR THOSE RESPONSIBLE...

...AND TO TAKE PRECAUTIONS SO THAT THESE EVENTS ***NEVER*** OCCUR AGAIN. NOT IN *OUR CITY.*

THAT'S ALL. THANK YOU.

YOUR SON?

YES, SIR. LIAM. MY--HIS MOTHER WAS IN THE BUILDING WHEN--

I UNDERSTAND. IF I COULD HAVE A MOMENT?

YOU MISS HER, DON'T YOU?

...

YEAH. A LOT.

I KNOW.

I LOST SOMEONE TOO. AND SOMETIMES IT FEELS LIKE...THEY *SHOULD* BE HERE. BUT THEY'RE NOT, ARE THEY?

N-NO.

AND EVERYONE'S TELLING YOU THINGS. PROMISING THINGS.

THAT THERE'S A REASON FOR IT. A PLAN. THAT SHE'S IN A BETTER PLACE. WHAT DO *YOU* THINK?

I-I DON'T KNOW.

THAT'S OKAY, LIAM. LET ME TELL YOU WHAT *I* KNOW.

I'M THE MAYOR. AND I *CAN* PROMISE YOU SOME-THING.

THAT MAN, MASSACRE?

I'VE DECIDED.

HE'S DEAD.

CHIEF PRATCHETT! MS. GRANT! WHAT'S THE STATUS ON ALISTAIR SMYTHE, THE BASTARD WHO KILLED MY WIFE?

IN THE *RAFT*, YOUR HONOR. IN A SPECIAL HOLDING CELL.

I WANT THE DEATH PENALTY. GET ON THAT.

JONAH, THERE'S THE GOVERNOR, THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY, THE--

I'M *DONE* PUSSYFOOTING AROUND! ZERO TOLERANCE FOR MURDERERS IN MY CITY!

EVERYTHING CHANGES, RIGHT NOW!

BEEN WORKING ROUND-THE-CLOCK. I'VE GOT A FULL CHARGE ON THE STEALTH SUIT AGAIN. BUT I CAN'T RISK IT.

INVISIBILITY JUST WON'T CUT IT. NOT IF THIS "*MASSACRE*" GETS OFF A LUCKY SHOT.

YEAH, THE NEW ARMORED SUIT'S DEFINITELY THE WAY TO GO.

BLACK BOX, LOCKED AND SECURE.

LOCK

HAVE TO FIND A WAY TO MAKE THE SURFACE MORE PERMEABLE IF I WANNA KEEP WALL-CRAWLING.

NEW WEB-FORMULA'S COMING ALONG, THOUGH. THAT SHOULD SOLVE THE--

HEY, PARKER. THINK FAST!

Schmidt

GYAH!

POPPED A SUTURE!

GRADY? WHY ON EARTH WOULD YOU--?

AW, PETE! SORRY, DUDE! WE'D DONE THAT A COUPLE TIMES. THOUGHT IT WAS LIKE OUR THING.

YOU USUALLY CATCH IT.

WELL, I'VE BEEN A LITTLE OFF MY GAME.

NO KIDDIN'. YOU'VE BEEN IN YOUR LAB FOR DAYS. YOU NEED A RECHARGE!

YEAH, I WAS JUST HEADIN' TO THE ATRIUM TO GET SOME COFFEE.

NAH, YOU NEED *HUMAN* CONTACT, MAN. C'MON AND JOIN THE REST A' YOUR FELLOW HORIZON GEEKS.

SEE THAT THING ON YOUTUBE WITH THE GERBIL IN THE FOOSBALL TABLE?

HAD TO BE C.G.I. YOU CAN TELL BY THE WAY ITS FUR MOVED.

THAT'S A RELIEF! I WAS WORRIED. POOR THING.

PLEASE! MISS ANIMAL LOVER HERE FORWARDED ME THE LINK--

WHAT IS *WRONG* WITH ALL OF YOU?!

PEOPLE ARE *DEAD!* PART OF A BUILDING GOT *BLOWN UP* IN THE CITY! AND YOU'RE GOING ON ABOUT ALL OF THIS *STUPID*, TRIVIAL--

NO! DON'T YOU *CARE* ABOUT--

BACK OFF, PARKER.

ABOUT WHAT? PEOPLE WHO DIED TWO DAYS AGO?

YOU GET THIS WORKED UP OVER *EVERY* DEATH IN THE WORLD? IN HAITI? SOMALIA?

OR ONLY FOR EIGHT--MOSTLY WHITE--NEW YORKERS?

THAT'S RIGHT. SO LET US HAVE OUR TRIVIAL @#$%. MAYBE THAT'S HOW SOME OF US DEAL.

DANG, SAJANI, EASE UP. HEY, PETE...

...COME WITH ME. THERE'S SOMETHING YOU SHOULD KNOW. HORIZON'S ALREADY ON THE CASE.

HEY, UATU. WHATTYA MEAN?

YOU'LL SEE. SOMETHING MAX AND I'VE BEEN WORKING ON.

DEAR MARVEL HANDBOOK WRITERS, UATU'S A BOY GENIUS NAMED **AFTER** THE WATCHER. HE'S NOT THE WATCHER. --STEVE

CAPTAIN WATANABE? WHAT'S SHE DOING HERE?

SURE THIS WILL WORK, MR. MODELL?

OF COURSE, CAPTAIN. AH, UATU! JUST IN TIME.

I WAS JUST ABOUT TO DEMONSTRATE OUR *BIG SISTER* APP. PETER, YOU'LL WANT TO SEE THIS TOO.

S.I.S. IS OUR NEW SUSPECT IDENTIFICATION SOFTWARE FOR LAW ENFORCEMENT.

IT'S A ROBUST FACIAL RECOGNITION PROGRAM THAT ACCESSES DATA ACROSS THE WEB AT BLAZING SPEEDS.

DO YOU HAVE THE PHOTO?

HERE. THIS IS SOMETHING WE PULLED WHILE THE SURVEILLANCE WAS STILL UP.

IT'S THE ONLY CLEAR SHOT WE HAVE OF "MASSACRE."

WE HAVE A HIT.

Ravencroft archive file

0:08

SCANNING...

THIS IS DR. ASHLEY KAFKA.

YOU ARE ACCESSING A SEALED FILE FROM THE RAVENCROFT ASYLUM FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE. SUBJECT: MARCUS LYMAN.

MASSACRE'S ONE OF DR. KAFKA'S PATIENTS? THAT ISN'T GOOD.

"BOTH MARCUS AND HIS WIFE, JUDY LYMAN, WERE SUCCESSFUL TRADERS FOR A WELL-KNOWN WALL STREET FIRM.

"WHERE THE TWO OF THEM HAD THE MISFORTUNE...

RCHIVE FOOTAGE

"...OF BEING THE ONLY CASUALTIES OF A CAR BOMB PARKED BY THE ENTRANCE TO THEIR OFFICES.

"LOCAL NEWS SAID IT WAS LEFT BY A CLIENT WHO'D LOST THEIR SAVINGS DUE TO POOR INVESTMENT ADVICE.

"THE RESULTING SHRAPNEL FROM THE EXPLOSION SHOULD HAVE KILLED MARCUS INSTANTLY. IT'S A MIRACLE HE SURVIVED AT ALL.

RCHIVE FOOTAGE

"HIS WIFE WAS NOT SO LUCKY. SHE DIED IN HIS ARMS. ADDING TO THE TRAGEDY...

"...WHILE SITTING THERE, HOLDING THE BODY OF THE ONLY WOMAN HE'D EVER LOVED...

"...MARCUS FELT NOTHING. CERTAIN CONNECTIONS IN HIS BRAIN WERE NO LONGER FUNCTIONING.

"HOW HE RELATES TO OTHERS ON A SOCIAL LEVEL, HIS ETHICS, HIS MORALITY...ALL GONE. THOUGH IT'S NOT HIS FAULT--

"HE NO LONGER VALUES HUMAN LIFE, AND POSSESSES NO INTERNAL CHECKS FOR WHY HE SHOULDN'T DO CERTAIN--

"THE THINGS HE'S SAID DURING OUR SESSIONS-- I RECOMMEND HE BE HELD UNDER OBSERVATION INDEFINITELY.

"AND IF POSSIBLE-- I'D LIKE TO REQUEST A TRANSFER."

HIS EYES. THEY LOOK--

DEAD.

I MAY NOT HAVE SPIDER-SENSE ANYMORE. BUT THIS IS WHAT IT FEELS LIKE. ALL THE HAIRS ON THE BACK OF YOUR NECK--

AH!

TRRRRRRRRRT

SORRY. I NEED TO GET THIS.

WHAT?! MASSACRE?! DOWN ON WALL STREET? I'M ON MY WAY.

THANK YOU, MR. MODELL. THIS WAS VERY HELPFUL.

ANYTIME, CAPTAIN.

SEE, PETE. TOLD YOU WE WERE ON TOP OF--

PETE?

GOT THE AREA CORDONED OFF. NO PRESS.

ALL THE NEARBY BUILDINGS EVACUATED, JUST IN CASE.

POLICE

GOOD. HOW MANY THIS TIME, CHIEF?

SEVEN HOSTAGES.

DAMN. I WANT TO MAKE MYSELF PERFECTLY CLEAR, PRATCHETT.

THAT THING INSIDE IS A *THREAT! A MENACE!* AND WHATEVER HAPPENS TODAY...

...IT DOESN'T LEAVE HERE *ALIVE!*

MARCUS? IS THAT *YOU?* WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS?

I DON'T KNOW. CURIOSITY MAYBE? OUTSIDE OF JUDY, ALL I HAD WAS THIS FIRM.

YOU PEOPLE ARE THE CLOSEST THING I HAVE TO A FAMILY. AND STILL? NOTHING.

OR MAYBE IT'S PRIDE? I SET UP SIMPLE RULES, AND HE BROKE THEM. WITH THIS.

YOU NEED TO BE PUNISHED, SPIDER. SO COME...

"...YOU WANT TO FIND ME? I'M RIGHT HERE."

THIS IS MORGAN, CHIEF. WE'RE DEEP IN THE SOUP.

I GOT NEXT TO NO VISUAL ON THE TARGET. COPY?

WELL, THE *SECOND* YOU GOT A BEAD ON HIM, YOU TELL ME. UNDERSTOOD?

CHIEF PRATCHETT? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? THIS IS MY DETAIL--

POLICE

NYPD

NOT ANYMORE, YURI. MAYOR WANTS ME HANDS ON FOR THIS ONE.

BUT I'VE DEALT WITH THIS MAN BEFORE--

YEAH. LOOK HOW THAT TURNED OUT.

WHY YOU--

CHIEF! WE GOT SOMETHING UP HERE!

WELL TAKE IT! TAKE THE SHOT!

UH...NO, SIR. NOT THAT.

"CAN'T BE SURE. BUT WE THINK..."

"...IT'S SPIDER-MAN!"

THWIP

THWIP

THWIP THWIP

THWIP

I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU HOPE TO ACCOMPLISH HERE TODAY. NOR DO I CARE.

THWIP THWIP

ALL I DO KNOW, SPIDER-MAN, IS YOU HAVE JUST SEALED THESE PEOPLE'S FATES.

KLIK

AHHH!

ACTUALLY, MASSACRE, I'VE SEALED THEM IN A MAGNETIC WEBBING...

...THAT BLOCKS ALL RADIO FREQUENCIES.

ANY QUESTIONS?

JUST ONE.

IS IT BULLET-PROOF?

BRAKA BR

I AM!

GNHHH! DOESN'T MATTER WHAT YOU DO! YOU ARE *NOT* IN CONTROL HERE! BECAUSE YOU DO *NOT* CONTROL ME!

YOU *GOT* THAT?! AND I SAY *NO ONE DIES TODAY!* SO GO ON! TAKE YOUR *BEST* SHOT!

AS YOU WISH.

TFT

TFT

DEAR GOD, NOT AGAIN.

CALL IT IN! WHAT'S GOING ON UP THERE?!

AND THAT, SPIDER-MAN, IS HOW I WIN.

ONE LIFE. ONE RANDOM PERSON ON THE STREET BELOW. THAT'S ALL I NEED TO GET AWAY.

AND BODY AFTER BODY, THEY'LL GIVE ME WHAT I WANT. BECAUSE YOU'RE WEAK. ALL OF YOU. BECAUSE YOU'RE STUPID ENOUGH TO CARE.

THINK AGAIN.

IMPOSSIBLE!

WRONG. IT'S ***EASY*** TO KILL. TO DESTROY. THERE'S MILLIONS OF WAYS TO DO IT.

BUT THERE IS ***ALWAYS*** A WAY TO WIN.

AND I'M A PRETTY SMART GUY. FROM HERE ON OUT--I'LL ***FIND*** IT. ***EVERY TIME.***

REALLY? NINE PEOPLE STRAPPED TO GELIGNITE A BLOCK AWAY.

YOU'LL NEVER GET TO THEM IN TI--

THWIP

SORRY. I MENTIONED IT BLOCKS ***ALL*** RADIO FREQUENCIES, RIGHT?

KRAK

THIS'S WHERE I'D USUALLY THROW OUT SOME SNAPPY PATTER. BUT Y'KNOW WHAT?

YOU DON'T ***DESERVE*** IT, YOU POOR, ONE-NOTE PSYCHO!

CHIEF! WE HAVE THE TARGET!

NO SIGN OF HOSTAGES. HE'S CLEAR!

BUT HE IS UNARMED. REPEAT: TARGET IS UNARMED.

WHAT DO WE DO?

TAKE THE SHOT!

WAIT! HE'S--

GOT YOU!

GNNH!

I SAID NO ONE DIES.

NOT EVEN YOU.

F.D.N.Y. AMBULANCE

YOU!

HOW *DARE* YOU SAVE THAT *LUNATIC!* ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR *MIND?!*

MR. MAYOR. JONAH. WE HAVE TO BE THE GOOD GUYS HERE. WE HAVE TO SAVE EVERYBODY.

WE DON'T GET TO BE GOD.

YOU DON'T GET IT AT ALL, DO YOU? WHAT NOW?!

EVEN IF I LOCK THAT PIECE OF TRASH UP, WHO'S TO SAY HE WON'T GET OUT? HUH?!

THERE'S A PRISON BREAK EVERY DAMN DAY IN THIS CITY!

WHAT IF HE STRIKES AGAIN?! EVERY DEATH WILL BE ON YOUR HANDS!

NOT GONNA HAPPEN. HE GETS OUT, I'LL BE THERE.

I'M SPIDER-MAN.

WHEN I'M AROUND, NO ONE DIES. THAT'S THE NEW RULE.

I-I ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU WERE A THREAT. A MENACE.

BUT I WAS WRONG ABOUT YOU.

YOU'RE A @#% IDIOT!*

GET OUT OF MY CITY, YOU BLEEDING HEART HALF-WIT!

I CAN DO THIS. IT'S NOT IMPOSSIBLE. NOT FOR ME.

I HAVE GREAT POWER, RESOURCES, AND RESOLVE. AND I WILL *MAKE* THIS WORK.

NOT FOR UNCLE BEN, CAPTAIN STACY, GWEN, MARLA, OR ANY OF THE OTHERS I FAILED IN THE PAST.

THIS IS FOR *YOU*, FOR ALL OF THE LIVING, FOR EVERYONE OUT THERE! I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU ALL PROUD. YOU'LL SEE.

I PROMISE.

The End

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

Send e-mail to
SPIDEYOFFICE@MARVEL.COM
(please mark as OKAY TO PRINT)

NEXT ISSUE:

AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #657

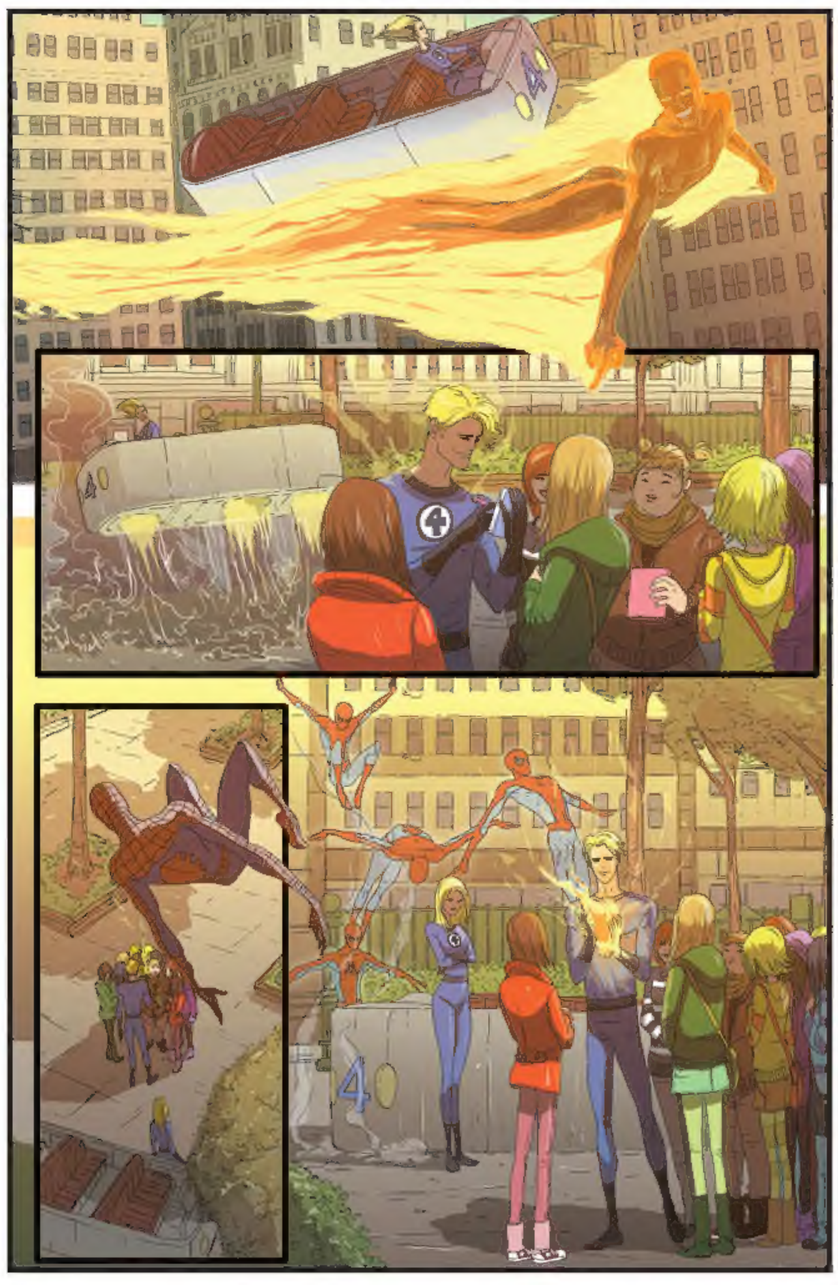
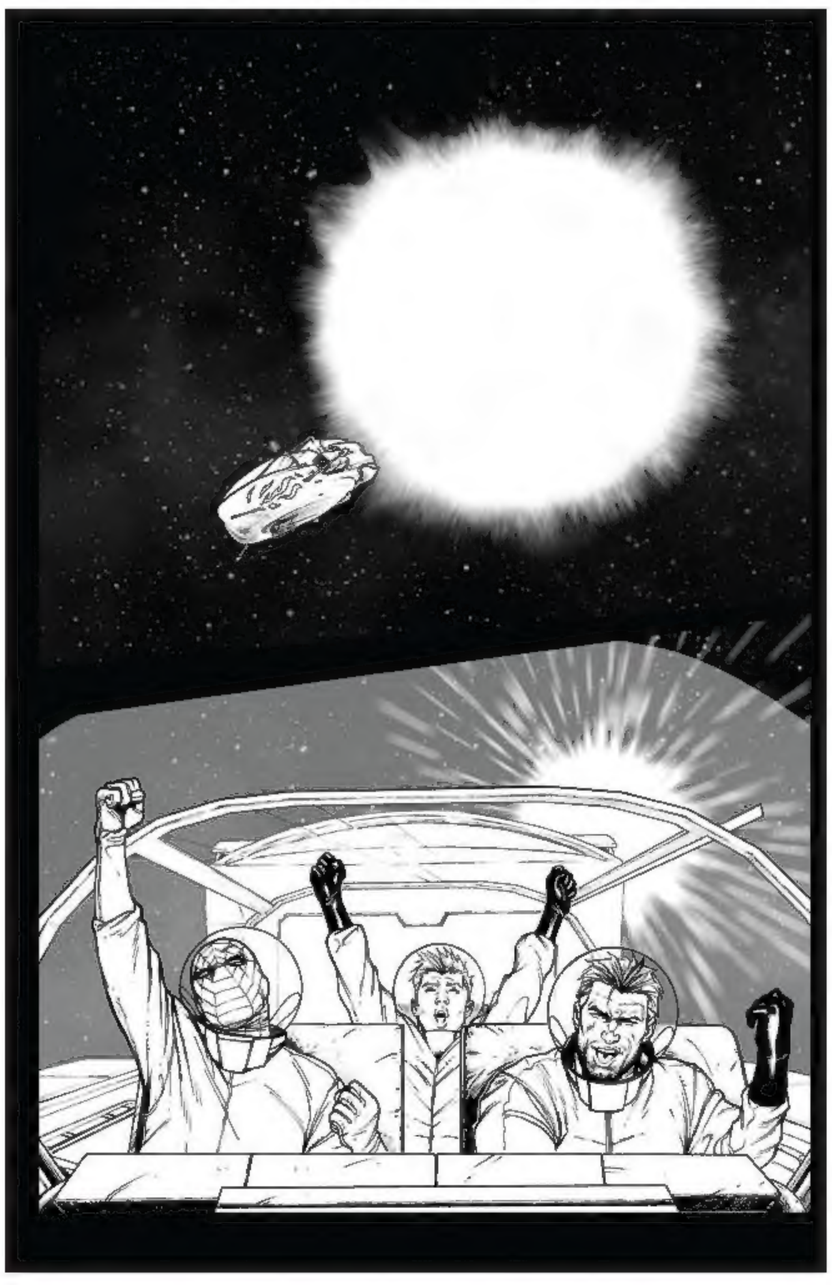
featuring never-before-seen adventures with the late HUMAN TORCH!

with art by:

MARCOS MARTIN

TY TEMPLETON/JAVIER RODRIGUEZ

NUNO PLATI



STEFANO CASELLI